

AMAZING OFFER TO COMICS READERS



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REX'S BARKIN' WOKE SHORTY IN TH'NIGHT ...







































































































































































































































































































































































































































































































































































The red rim of the rising sun was peering cautiously above the jagged mesa when the dawn's silence was shattered by thundering hoofs and the echoing "vippe-ki-vi" of a happy man. Out of the west raced a giant black stallion whose rider suddenly began to sing, a little off-key:

"Oh, give me a home, where . . ."

Ebony neighed accompaniment. He liked that song, which Jim reserved for their solitary gallops over the plains. Ebony liked everything Jim did and Jim returned the liking. To this lean-jawed, bronze-faced man, the stallion was "perfection plus." Folks in the valley, where Jim's ranch, the Flying-R, sprawled in modest prosperity, teased Jim.

"That Jim Rand ain't got time for gals. He's too crazy about that black hoss o's his," they would say in his hearing.

Jim would laugh deep-throatedly and pat Ebony's sleek neck. "Reckon that's right. Ebony an' me are pals, sure 'nough."

Ebony knew what "pals" meant. It meant lumps of sugar, gentle pats of affection, a warm stall at night and a grassy meadow in the sun.

When he had belonged to Pedro Martinez, Ebony had never felt that way. Pedro was a half-breed with a heart as black as his hair. To him, horses were beasts and he treated them as such. The first time Jim had seen Ebony, Pedro was handling the magnificent animal as if he were a snarling catamount, instead of the finest piece of horse-flesh Jim had seen.

"Me, Pedro, weel teach you to do w'at Pedro say!" the half-breed screamed, raising the bull-whip for another blow.

The whip was never lowered, Jim leaped off his calico pony and landed a savage right on Pedro's jaw that knocked the half-breed flat.

"You coyote!" Jim spat the words through clenched teeth. "You ornery polecat! Get goin' fast."

Cringing, Pedro stumbled to his feet. "But Senor, the horse, he ees a bad wan . . . an' he cost me much dinero."

Jim yanked a handful of gold coins from his pocket and contemptuously threw them at the half-breed. "There's more cash than you ever saw! Now-get!"

There was a look in Jim's eyes that filled Pedro with terror. Men who killed often wore similar looks. He tore away down the street and Jim turned to the horse.

"You're mine now, boy," he said softly. "An' I'm gonna make you forget there's such things as half-breeds with whips."

Ebony's memory of Pedro's cruelty blurred under kindness as the months flew by. But Jim's did not and, when he was called to testify against Pedro, charged with highway robbery, he did so with great satisfaction. Pedro was convicted and led away, yelling threats against Jim; threats which he vowed to carry out when he was released

Strangely enough, Jim was remember-

ing those threats that morning as he and Ebony galloped across the mesa and into the yard of the Flying-R. Pedro had been sent to prison four years ago. Probably it wouldn't be long now before—

"Say, Boss!" Shorty West, his foreman, was lumbering toward him. "Pedro Martinez got out yesterday!"

lini tensed. "Where is he?"

"In town, gettin' drunker'n a hoot owl." Shorty shook his head lugubriously. "Says he's gonna get even with you, if it's the last thing he does."

Two, three, four days went by. But Pedro did not show up at the Flying-R. When Jim heard that he had left for the Border country, he redoubled his vigilance. Pedro might have started that runor to throw him off-guard. A week passed, and another. Still no Pedro. One night in Ebony's stall Jim wondered.

"Reckon Pedro's decided it ain't healthy to start anything," Jim absent-mindedly stroked the stallion's nose.

Ebony tried to tell Jim he was grateful but Jim mistook the nuzzling for a searching after sugar. "Gosh, I clean forgot your sugar. I'll bring it pronto!"

As Jim neared the door, the shadow struck. It leaped through the dark, lashing out with a muttered oath and a flash of steel. Jim fell, unconscious.

Ebony whinnied in fear as his nostrils caught a familiar odor. It was the odor of Pedro Martinez—the man he hated.

Pedro opened Ebony's stall and slapped him on the flank.

"Vamos!" his harsh voice said. "Me, Pedro, I feex that smart-aleck Jeem Rand for send me to jail—but I tak' you now."

Ebony went through the open stall door like a bolt of black lightning and raced out into the yard. There he paused to look back. A thin curl of scarler flame was creeping up the side of the barn door. The great horse quivered. Then, as the fire flamed high, he whinnied loudly. Pedro darted from the barn toward him.

"An' now we go!"

Pedro had no time to say more. Ebony was on him, his hoofs working like flails. From the horse's throat came the triumphant cry of a victorious stallion, a cry that roused the cowhands in the bunkhouse.

Ebony heard them coming, heard their shouts of dismay and anger, but he did not wait. He knew that Jim, of the kind voice and gentle, affection, was beyond those flames. With his great heart thudding against his ribs, Ebony dashed through the flaming barrier. There was Jim, face down on the barn floor, just beyond the edge of the rapidly-spreading five. The stallion moved forward. Sinking his teeth into Jim's trouser leg, he backed out of the barn, dragging his unconscious burden.

Ebony is an old horse now. He lives a life of ease with Jim on the Flying-R. Jim's side still carries a scar and he never tires of telling about Ebony.

"First time in my life I ever heard of a horse goin' into fire to save somebody after killin' a man!" Jim usually began the story. "Ebony's the greatest horse that ever lived —an' the best pal a man ever had!"







FIMILIE BUCKING HORSES. NO. 2. Midnight



IDNIGHT WAS ONE OF THE GREATEST BUCKING HORSES OF ALLTIME. HE WAS GENTLE TO HANDLE AND WAS FIRST OWNED BY A SCHOOL TEACHER IN LOUISIANA WHO USED HIM FOR A BUGGY HORSE. IT IS CLAIMED THAT SOMEONE TRIED TO RIDE HIM AND WAS PROMPTLY BUCKED OFF. OTHERS TRIED IT AND MET THE SAME FATE . A RODEO CAME TO TOWN AND THE COWBOYS COULD NOT RIDE HIM SO THE MCCARTY AND ELLIOTT LIVESTOCK CONTRACTORS BOUGHT HIM FOR THEIR RODEO STRING. IT IS SAID THAT PETE KNIGHT, CHAMPION BRONC RIDER FOR FOUR YEARS, WAS THE ONLY COW-BOY EVER TO RIDE HIM. HE WAS RETIRED AFTER BEING TOP HORSE IN THE RODEOS FOR MANY YEARS.











































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